

At last she said, "My friend, I'm glad for you,  
 May life be full of happy days like these !  
 I will confess I have a secret too :  
 I go to wed my art across the seas."

And so she went, and wrought with patient touch,  
 Until men said, "She only loves her art."  
 But when, grown old, she died, they wondered much  
 To find his picture lying on her heart.



## DEFEAT.

*By John White Chadwick.*

I KNEW a captain girded by the foe,  
 Who might, had not his coward courage failed,  
 Have splendidly the hostile front assailed,  
 And followed up his vantage blow on blow,  
 Until it reeled and broke and fled. But no ! —  
 He still must wait until his trumpets hailed  
 A hireling troop to help him ; then prevailed, —  
 And thought himself a victor, doing so.

I better knew of one who, sore beset,  
 Had conquered by his force of heavenly will,  
 But he, more curst, must wait and wait until  
 With him vile circumstance had basely met  
 To help him through. Him let no plaudits greet, —  
 Self-conquered with immeasurable defeat.



*Dec.*  
*1893*

## THE ASSASSINATION OF PRESIDENT LINCOLN.

*By Horatio King.*

WERE it possible to photograph the scenes which took place on the night of the 14th of April, 1865, and the succeeding several days in the city of Washington, it would make a picture surpassing in horror and consequent excitement anything of the kind, perhaps, in the history of the world. A correspondent of the *Boston Advertiser*, under date of Washington, April 14,

11.15 P. M., truthfully wrote : "A shock from heaven laying half the city in ruins would not have startled us as did the word that started out from Ford's Theatre half an hour ago, that the President had been shot. It flew everywhere in five minutes, and set five thousand feet in swift and excited motion on the instant."

The description of the shooting is familiar to most readers, but no person,

not present in the city, could possibly form any true conception of the horror, mingled with apprehension of threatened danger, which prevailed here at the time. No sooner was the terrible report of the assassination of President Lincoln spread abroad than the rumor came that attempts had been made also upon the lives of members of his Cabinet and of Vice-President Johnson. The early morning of the 15th was full of these and kindred startling rumors, and every one was holding his breath, not knowing what next to expect. Some relief was felt on learning that the members of the Cabinet, as well as the Vice-President, were all safe, except Mr. Seward, Secretary of State, who, with his son Frederick, it was feared, had been fatally wounded. Major Augustus Seward, an older son, and George F. Robinson, a soldier nurse, of Secretary Seward, were also reported as seriously wounded.

The following official bulletins, varying in no essential particular from the actual facts, will always possess a historical interest:—

#### WAR DEPARTMENT.

WASHINGTON, April 15, 1.30 A. M.

*Major-Gen. Dix, New York:*

Last evening, at 10.30 P. M. at Ford's Theatre, the President, while sitting in his private box with Mrs. Lincoln, Miss Harris, and Major Rathburn, was shot by an assassin who suddenly entered the box. He approached behind the President. The assassin then leaped upon the stage, brandishing a large dagger or knife, and made his escape by the rear of the theatre. The pistol ball entered the back of the President's head. The wound is mortal. The President has been insensible ever since it was inflicted, and is now dying.

About the same hour an assassin, either the same or another, entered Mr. Seward's house, and under pretence of having a prescription, was shown to the Secretary's chamber. The Secretary was in bed, a nurse and Miss Seward with him. The assassin immediately rushed to the bed, inflicted two or three stabs on the throat and two on the face. It is hoped the wounds may not be mortal. My apprehension is that they will prove fatal. The nurse alarmed Mr. Frederick Seward, who was in an adjoining room, and hastened to the door of his father's room, where he met the assassin, who inflicted upon him one or more dangerous wounds. The recovery of Frederick Seward is doubtful.

It is not probable that the President will live through the night.

Gen. Grant and wife were advertised to be at the theatre this evening, but the latter started to Burlington at six o'clock last evening.

At a Cabinet meeting, at which Gen. Grant was present to-day, the subject of the state of the country, and the prospects of speedy peace, was discussed. The President was very cheerful and hopeful, spoke very kindly of Gen. Lee and others of the Confederacy, and the establishment of government in Virginia. All the members of the Cabinet, except Mr. Seward, are now in attendance upon the President. I have seen Mr. Seward, but he and Frederick were both unconscious.

EDWIN M. STANTON,  
*Secretary of War.*

#### WAR DEPARTMENT.

WASHINGTON, D. C., 3 A. M., April 15.

*Major-Gen. Dix, New York:*

The President still breathes, but is quite insensible, as he has been ever since he was shot. He evidently did not see the person who shot him, but was looking on the stage, as he was approached behind.

Mr. Seward has rallied, and it is hoped he may live. Frederick Seward's condition is very critical. The attendant who was present was stabbed through the lungs, and is not expected to live. The wounds of Major Seward are not serious.

Investigation strongly indicates J. Wilkes Booth as the assassin of the President. Whether it was the same or a different person that attempted to murder Mr. Seward remains in doubt.

Chief Justice Cartter is engaged in taking the evidence. Every exertion has been made to prevent the escape of the murderer. His horse has been found on the road near Washington.

EDWIN M. STANTON,  
*Secretary of War.*

#### WAR DEPARTMENT.

WASHINGTON, D. C., April 15, 4.10 A. M.

*Major-Gen. Dix, New York:*

The President continues insensible, and is sinking. Secretary Seward remains without change. Frederick Seward's skull is fractured in two places, besides a severe cut upon the head. The attendant is still alive, but hopeless.

Major Seward's wounds are not dangerous. It is now ascertained with reasonable certainty that two assassins were engaged in the horrible crime: Wilkes Booth being the one that shot the President; the other, a companion of his, whose name is not known, but whose description is so clear that he can hardly escape.

It appears from a letter found in Booth's trunk, that the murder was planned before the 4th of March, but fell through then because the accomplice backed out until Richmond could be heard from. Booth and his accomplice were at the livery stable at six o'clock last evening, and left there with their horses about ten o'clock, or shortly before that hour. It would seem that

they had for several days been seeking their chance, but for some unknown reason it was not carried into effect until last night. One of them has evidently made his way to Baltimore, the other has not been traced.

EDWIN M. STANTON,  
*Secretary of War.*

Gen. C. C. Augur, in command of the Military Department of Washington, as soon as he learned that the President had been shot, ordered out the militia of the department, and "in a few moments the city was encircled with pickets, stationed at a distance of about fifty feet apart. Cavalry was placed on all the roads leading from Washington, and mounted men and military detectives proceeded to scour the country in every direction, with orders to arrest any suspicious parties that they might find."

Gen. Augur at the same time issued an order offering \$10,000 reward "to be paid to the party or parties arresting the murderer of the President, Mr. Lincoln, and the assassin of the Secretary of State, Mr. Seward, and his son." This was followed by the offer of a reward of \$20,000 by the city government, and supplemented by the further offer by the Secretary of War of \$100,000, for the arrest of the assassins.

Early on the morning of the 15th of April the following communication was presented by the Attorney-General to the Vice-President:—

WASHINGTON CITY, D. C., April 15, 1865.

SIR:—Abraham Lincoln, President of the United States, was shot by an assassin last evening at Ford's Theatre, in this city, and died at the hour of twenty-two minutes after seven o'clock.

About the same time at which the President was shot, an assassin entered the sick-chamber of the Hon. Wm. H. Seward, Secretary of State, and stabbed him in several places in the throat, neck, and face, severely, if not mortally, wounding him. Other members of the Secretary's family were dangerously wounded by the assassin while making his escape. By the death of President Lincoln, the office of President has devolved, under the Constitution, upon you. The emergency of the government demands that you should immediately qualify according to the requirements of the Constitution, and enter upon the duties of President of the United States. If you will please make known your pleasure, such arrangements as you deem proper will be made.

Your obedient servants,  
HUGH McCULLOCH,  
*Secretary of the Treasury.*

EDWIN M. STANTON,  
*Secretary of War.*  
GIDEON WEILLS,  
*Secretary of the Navy.*  
WILLIAM DENNISON,  
*Postmaster-General.*  
J. P. USHER,  
*Secretary of the Interior.*  
JAMES SPEED,  
*Attorney-General.*

*To Andrew Johnson, Vice-President of the United States.*

Mr. Johnson requested that the ceremony should take place at his rooms in the Kirkwood House, corner of Pennsylvania Avenue and Twelfth Street, at ten o'clock A. M., and, accordingly, Chief Justice Chase was present at that hour and administered the oath, the following named gentlemen also being in attendance; viz., Hugh McCulloch, James Speed, F. P. Blair, Sr., Montgomery Blair, Senators Foot of Vermont, Ramsay of Minnesota, Yates of Illinois, Stewart of Nevada, Hale of New Hampshire, and Gen. Farnsworth of Illinois.

From a number of newspaper accounts before me, written at the time of the assassination, I supplement my own recollections of this tragical event.

The play on the boards that fatal night was "Our American Cousin," and it was progressing smoothly to its climax. The only character on the stage was that of Lord Dundreary (Sothern), Laura Keane being the other star of the evening. Suddenly the report of a pistol was heard. "The audience had not time to wonder what new incident of the play was thus heralded when there came another and stranger interruption. A dark, lithe form vaulted over the railing of the President's box, which was canopied with the American flag. As the intruder struck the stage he fell forward, but soon gathered himself up and turned erect in full view of the audience." At the moment of jumping, or as soon as he recovered himself after reaching the stage, he cried out, "*Sic semper tyrannis*"; and one statement is that either just before or immediately after those words, he cried loud enough to be heard all over the house, "The South is avenged." Capt. Rathburn, who was in the President's box, attempted to arrest him, when the assassin turned



quickly and, drawing a knife, dealt him a severe blow. The slight defence, however, had the effect to cause the spur of the murderer to catch in the fringe of the flag and he fell, striking his right knee and thigh, and dragging the flag from its fastening down upon the stage with him, detaching the spur, which he left behind him. He had already heard his name pronounced by a score of lips when he rushed across the stage and made his escape through the back alley, where he had a horse in waiting for him.

Meantime a scream of distress was heard from Mrs. Lincoln, and the greatest confusion ensued. Everybody knew now that the President had been shot. He had sunk down without a groan or a struggle; and after her first outcry, Mrs. Lincoln had fainted. The theatre was immediately cleared, and the dying President was tenderly borne to a house on the opposite side of the street, where he expired on the 15th of April, at seven o'clock and twenty-two minutes A. M.

The murderous attempt on the life of Secretary Seward has been often described. This part of the conspiracy was assigned to a miscreant, whose real name was found afterwards to be Powell, but whose alias was Lewis Paine. He made his way into Mr. Seward's house on the pretext that he was the bearer of a prescription or medicine from his physician; but his bloody purpose was immediately disclosed by his attack upon the servants who stood in his way, and nothing stopped him from reaching the Secretary's room, where the latter was lying seriously hurt from being thrown out of his carriage a short time previously. Robinson, the soldier nurse, stated that Frederick Seward, Major Augustus Seward, and Mansell, one of the servants, were all wounded on or near the stairway. The assassin held in his hand a long knife, the blade of which appeared to be twelve inches in length and one inch in width. Major Seward was cut in several places but not dangerously. One statement is that Frederick Seward met the assassin at the door and was then felled to the floor by blows administered with a navy pistol with such force as to break the pistol and separate

the chambers from the barrel. In the struggle, Robinson received a wound in his forehead. The knife glanced off, and the assassin's hand came down upon Robinson's face and felled him to the floor. He then leaped to the bed where Mr. Seward lay, apparently in a helpless condition, and gave a tremendous blow at his face, but missed and almost fell across the bed. Miss Seward escaped from the room and ran to the front window screaming murder. By this time Robinson had recovered and caught hold of the assassin's arm, but failed to keep him back, and he again struck Mr. Seward with his dagger, first on one side of his face, or neck, and then on the other, when the Secretary rolled in the bedclothes out upon the floor. They continued to struggle until the enraged fiend having, as he had reason to believe, finished his deadly work, forced his way out of the house, without his hat, and rode away. He threw his knife into the street, where it was picked up and afterwards presented presumably by the government to Robinson, who had been mistakenly reported as fatally wounded, and it is still in his possession. Some years later he received the appointment, which he still holds, of paymaster in the navy, in recognition of his bravery in saving the life of Mr. Seward.

The following current account of Payne's arrest I believe to be authentic. It is worth preserving here. The Surratt house stands, as it did in 1865 and many years before, within one square of mine, No. 707 H Street, N. W., where I have resided ever since 1846. It had been noticed that several persons were in the habit of going into a house in the heart of the city of Washington and coming out again with their clothes changed, and that other suspicious movements since the assassination of the President made it possible that the inmates might have some connection with that melancholy event. On Monday night, April 17, Col. Welles, provost marshal, ordered the arrest of the inmates, who turned out to be Mrs. Surratt, the mother of one of the alleged assassins, his sister and two other persons. While preparing to remove them to headquarters for examination —

evidences of their deep sympathy with the assassins being discovered — there was a slight knock at the front door. What followed is thus related: —

The door was opened by Major Morgan, Major Smith and Capt. Wermeskirch standing by, with their pistols ready to be used if necessary. At the door was a young looking man, about five feet eleven inches in stature, light complexion, with peculiarly large gray eyes, and hair that had evidently been dyed. He wore a gray cashmere coat and vest, fine black cloth pantaloons, and fine boots. His boots and pantaloons were covered with mud almost to the knees, and his whole appearance was that of one who had been lying out in the rain. He had a pickaxe on his shoulder. When the door was opened, he exclaimed, "I believe I am mistaken," and turned to go away. He was asked by Major Morgan whom he wanted to see. He answered, "Mrs. Surratt." Major Morgan said, "Mrs. Surratt lives here; she is at home; walk in." He then came in, and was ushered into the parlor. After being seated, he was closely interrogated as to his business there at that time of night, twenty minutes after eleven, his occupation, etc. In reply, he stated that he was a laboring man and had been sent for by Mrs. Surratt to dig a gutter, and had called to know what time next morning she wished him to come to work. Major Morgan stepped to the door of the parlor, and said, "Mrs. Surratt, will you step here for a moment?" Mrs. Surratt came, and Major Morgan asked, "Do you know this man?" She said, raising her hand, "Before God, I do not know him and have never seen him." The stranger went on to say that he had been for some time past employed on the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad as a laborer; that he was at work on the road on Friday last, and slept that night with the other road hands; that he had no money, and earned his living with his pickaxe. He confusedly attempted to tell where he had slept on Sunday night, and where he had been since Saturday morning, but often contradicted himself, and broke down completely in this part of his narrative. During the investigation he produced a

certificate of the oath of allegiance, purporting to have been taken by Lewis Paine, of Fanquier County, Virginia, and claimed that was his name; but when questioned about it, evidently did not know anything about the date of the certificate. He asserted frequently that he was a poor man, and could neither read nor write, and earned his living by his daily labor; but his language was that of a man of education, and his feet and hands were small and well shaped, the latter being delicate, white and soft as a woman's, and unstained with any mark of toil. He wore on his head a sort of Scotch skull-cap, which on examination was found to have been made by cutting off the arm of a stockinet shirt, or the leg of drawers of the same material, the top of the cap being formed by tying a string around one of the ends.

Upon searching his pockets they were found to contain a comb, hair and tooth brushes, a pot of pomatum, a package of pistol cartridges, a new pocket compass, and twenty-five dollars in greenbacks. After the preliminary examination, he was taken in charge of officers Sampson and Devoe to Gen. Augur's headquarters, where, upon further examination, he gave an account of himself quite different from the one previously given. It was evident that he was in disguise, and had been completely taken by surprise in finding the officers at the house where he expected to find a welcome and refuge. The facts disclosed in the examination induced the belief that he was the blood-thirsty villain who had attempted the life of Secretary Seward on Friday night. He was placed in a room with two other strangers. The light was made dim, as nearly as possible in imitation of the condition of the light in Mr. Seward's room on that eventful night, and the domestics of Mr. Seward were sent for. Upon entering the room, the porter, a colored boy, about seventeen years of age, threw up his hands with an exclamation of horror, and pointing to the man, said, "That is the man! I don't want to see him; he did it; I know him by that lip!" The servant had already previously described some peculiarity about the upper lip of the man whom he had admitted to

commit the foul and murderous deed at Secretary Seward's, and testimony had been procured tracing him step by step, from the time of his separation from Booth until he entered Mr. Seward's house. The chain of evidence was complete and fastened upon him as the perpetrator of the horrid crime which had shocked the whole community. The villain was heavily ironed and placed in confinement on one of the gunboats.

J. Wilkes Booth and David E. Herold, it is well known, succeeded in making their way over the eastern branch of the Potomac into Maryland, stopping there at Dr. Samuel A. Mudd's to have Booth's leg set, broken in jumping from the President's box at the theatre; then they were chased through the swamp in St. Mary's County across the Potomac to Garrett's farm, near Fort Royal, Virginia, on the Rappahannock, where they were brought to bay in Garrett's barn on the 26th of April. Herold surrendered; but Booth, refusing to surrender, after a long parley, the barn was set on fire. The flames rose rapidly, firing the whole building, when Booth ran to where the fire was kindled, and with pistol raised, was peering through the darkness, but seemed unable to see any one. He then turned, gazed upon the flames, and suddenly started for the door, when Sergeant Corbett, in violation of orders, left the line, and going close to the wall before him, fired his pistol through a crack, shooting Booth in the neck, causing his death in about three hours.

G. A. Atzerodt, whose assignment was to kill the Vice-President, was arrested on the 18th of April, near Germantown, Montgomery County. Samuel Arnold, Michael O'Laughlin, believed to have been chosen to murder Gen. Grant, Dr. Samuel A. Mudd, Edward Spangler, who held Booth's horse in the alley leading from the theatre, and Mrs. Surratt were all soon in custody. John H. Surratt, another of the conspirators, left the city immediately after the tragedy, and going first to Canada, went from there to Italy, where he was found in the military service of the pope, arrested in December, 1866, and brought back for trial, but escaped conviction.

Paine, Atzerodt, Herold, and Mrs. Surratt were declared guilty by a military commission, and were hanged on the 7th of July, 1865. O'Laughlin, Arnold, and Mudd were sentenced to imprisonment at hard labor for life. Spangler was let off with six years like imprisonment, and all four were sent to serve their sentence at the Dry Tortugas. Mudd was pardoned Feb. 8, 1869, and Arnold and Spangler on the 1st of March, 1869. O'Laughlin died of yellow fever, Sept. 23, 1867, while in confinement at Fort Judson, Florida.

The purpose of the assassins was believed to be to take the lives also of Secretary Stanton, the Vice-President, and Gen. Grant, the latter of whom was advertised to attend the theatre with the President, but left early in the evening for Burlington, N. J., returning immediately, however, the next morning, on learning of the assassination.

It was currently reported that, on the evening of the assaults, two gentlemen who went to apprise the Secretary of War of the attack on Mr. Lincoln met at the residence of the former a man muffled in a cloak, who, when accosted by them, hastened away without a word. It was evident, therefore, as was remarked at the time, that the aim of the conspirators was to paralyze the nation by at once striking down the head, heart, and arm of the country.

I did not intend, in this paper, to say another word about Mrs. Surratt; but when it was nearly finished, I happened to mention it to one of the oldest and most distinguished United States senators, who remarked that a great deal had been said by her apologists against her execution, claiming that it was unjust and cruel, since if guilty at all, it was only in conspiring to kidnap the President, which he believed she herself had confessed; but, said he, even were this the extent of her guilt, there is not another government in the world that would not, for such a crime, have condemned her to death.

But whether there was ever a plot to kidnap or not, is it not simply preposterous to suppose that Booth and Herold alone were to attempt it, or that Mrs.



Surratt was ignorant of the final purpose to assassinate the President? Why did she go twice to Surrattville, first on the 11th, and the second time on the afternoon of the 14th of April, when she made of John M. Lloyd, who kept the Surratt House, particular inquiry about two carbines and some ammunition left there in concealment five or six weeks previously, by John H. Surratt, in company with Herold and Atzerodt, as testified by Lloyd, who was there and her friend, and who was thrown into the old capitol prison on suspicion of being implicated with them? Weichman, another witness, who drove Mrs. Surratt both times to Surrattville, testified that, on the last occasion, they returned to Mrs. Surratt's about half past nine or ten on the night of the 14th, and that a few minutes thereafter Mrs. Surratt answered the door bell, and he "heard footsteps going into the parlor and immediately going out." Was it Booth, who had called to make sure that the two carbines and ammunition were in readiness for him and Herold? Lloyd testified that he thought Mrs. Surratt, on both visits, spoke of the carbines, which she called "shooting irons," and he is positive she did so on the last, when she said to him, "Mr. Lloyd, I want you to have the shooting irons ready; some parties will call for them to-night."

I will conclude with a remarkable incident which comes to me from good authority, touching Mr. Stanton. It is known, of course, that there was a time when he did not hesitate to speak contemptuously of Mr. Lincoln, and that, not infrequently, while a member of his Cabinet, his bearing toward the President was highly disrespectful, as it was, likewise, toward some of his subordinate chiefs and officers of the army. He is sometimes called the "Great War Secretary," and in many respects he doubtless was entitled to that distinction; nor would I detract one iota from the value of the great services he rendered the country during the war. But in some respects, certainly, he was a strange man, not easily comprehended. Few among his intimate acquaintances felt that they

really knew him. Even President Buchanan was not sure on this point. In a letter to me of 12th November, 1861, the ex-President, referring to his intention to write a history of his administration, said, "You must not be astonished



J. Wilkes Booth.

some day to find in print portraits drawn by myself of all those who ever served in my Cabinet. I think I know them all perfectly, unless it may be Stanton."

Visitors at the War Department will remember seeing there Mr. Stanton's portrait, a perfect likeness, which represents him leaning on his elbow, the forefinger of his right hand against his cheek, and his thumb under his chin. This was the position chosen by the artist for his picture, it being Mr. Stanton's exact pose when looking with mournful anxiety on the face of the dying President; and at the moment he breathed his last, when the attending physician, with hand on Mr. Lincoln's pulse, announced that it had ceased to beat, Mr. Stanton, with deep feeling, said, "HE NOW BELONGS TO THE AGES."

It is pleasant to find that, even in this late and last hour, Mr. Stanton was brought to realize the true grandeur of the illustrious man whose martyrdom will bear precious fruit through the centuries to come.

## WINTER TWILIGHT.

*By Richard Burton.*

A LITTLE while ago and you might see  
The ebon trees against the saffron sky  
That shifts through flame to rose; but now a calm  
Of solemn blue above, a stilly time,  
With pines that peer and listen, while the snow  
Gleams ghostly and the brittle sound of ice  
Tinkles along the dumbness, strangely loud,  
Since all the air is tranced. Housed-in, the folk  
Close-gather at the ingle, and the hour  
Of fireside cheer and homely talk of kin  
Is welcomed, as the big, vague world beyond  
Moves nightward, merges into mystery.

